2:Musil S-4, 5 (no date)1928 MD4 Rwala MD4

Run as the hunted beast runs from the face of the heroic youth,
From the faces of those whose beards and moustaches are covered with fat.

Haǧǧ means a panic, helter-skelter flight. *Ṛulma'* or *ṣabwa'* are youths from eighteen to twenty years of age, who are ever making raids, from which they always return with rich booty and then feast on the fat camels they have captured until their budding chin beards, *lḥa*, and mustaches, *šawâreb*, shine with fat, *dasmîn*. They are well fed, of great endurance, and never abandon the pursuit of the enemy's fleeing mares or camels until they have captured them.

Songs of Booty

The returning victors are not met by the women or girls of the camp. When near they break into songs of booty.

1. *Jowmen wald al-hejs jabḥa mažẓa'eh*
   wa' mâ ḳaṭa'na lejleten ḥarmesijje
   wa' hâj jâ lallâh wa' hâj jâ lallâh.
2. *Jâ nâšeden 'anna min ajje žebîle*
   'ejâl ar-rwejli min aḫjâr al-ḥamâjel
   wa' hâj . . .
3. *Ḥowfân aẓ-ẓulma' maṛâwîr aẓ-ẓaḥa'*
   nowda' 'ala čabd al-ma'âdi debâjel
   wa' hâj . . .
4. *Elja-ddejt maǧhûdi w-maǧhûd fâṭeri*
   mâ-ni 'ala-d-dinja čeṭîr al-ḥasâjef
   wa' hâj . . .

1. While the idler shook up his bed,
   Hey! through how many dark nights have we ridden!
   Hey! glory be and by Allâh himself!
2. O thou who askest about us of what tribe we were,
   (Know that) we are descendants of the Rwala, counted among the best of tribes.
   Hey! glory!
3. Like thieves in a dark night, like attackers after the passing of the dew
   We are wont to plant ulcers in the enemy's stomach.
   Hey! glory!

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Loosen your spittle! Look at the abundance! The *ǧîre* oath rests on you!" Should they be reluctant to accept the invitation, they usually declare their readiness to have the oath rest on them and continue on their way. (On the *ǧîre* oath see above, p. 460.) But if some one implores them with the words: "The *ǧîre* oath of the slave Râšed rests on you, *ʿalejkom ǧîrat al-ʿabd râšed*," they must stop and eat something. Who the slave Râšed may have been, nobody knows. It is said of him that he was most hospitable and even forced travelers to eat with him. 727 574

Within three days after his return either the leader or the man appointed by him offers the customary sacrifice, *ʿažire*. He kills a she-camel and exclaims: 727 782

"O Allâh, this is our custom! This belongs to the face of Allâh and to the face of our ancestor! *Jâ-llâh hâḏi ʿâdatna hâḏi liwağh allâh w-liwağh ǧeddina*." Every kin reveres its ancestor but never knows at what period he lived or where he was buried. The blood of the sacrificed animal is caught into the bulging iron sheet used for baking bread, *sâǧ*, and with it the humps of the captured animals and the necks of the riding camels are besmeared. This is done in order to make sure of fresh booty.

A boy who has taken part in his first raid and brought back booty with him tries to buy a goat or a sheep in order to sacrifice it. Its blood he then sprinkles over his booty, *ḏbîḥa rušûš al-čâseb*; if a she-camel, he besmears her whole hump, if a mare, her whole forehead. From the tail of the captured mare he cuts a lock of hair, which he hangs up in his tent. This he does with every horse he captures to let all the guests know how many he has already taken; this custom is called *šeḏeb*. [883]

After the return from a raid the story of who has fallen, where, and in what manner, quickly spreads. The female relatives of the slain men then walk out of the camp to a distance whence even a loud cry cannot be heard, there to bewail their dead. 727 765

A mother cries: "Alas, woe is me! alas, my child! alas, woe is me! alas thou whom I bore in my womb! alas, woe is me! alas, thou little son of mine! *Waʾ wâǧli waʾ waledi waʾ wâǧli waʾ ǧenîni waʾ wâǧli waʾ bunaǧǧa*."

A wife cries three times: "Alas, woe is me! ah, ruined is my tent! *waʾ wâǧli waʾ hadmu beiti*."